



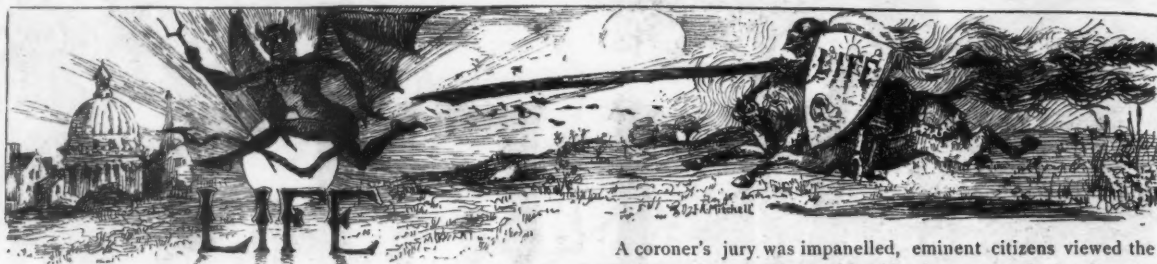
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JANUARY FIRST.

"WAS EVER WOMAN IN THIS HUMOR WOODED?"

1843-210



VOL. II. DECEMBER 27TH, 1883. NO. 52.

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Published every Thursday, \$5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents.

THE editor begs to announce that he cannot undertake to return rejected contributions in future.

THE Sioux chieftain, TWO SKUNKS, has been converted to the Catholic Church, and it is hoped he will die in the odor of sanctity.

"THE varnish on my new coat of arms will take a long time to dry, and I am real glad it is not fly time."—Tennyson.

A SPECIAL dispatch from Washington to our esteemed contemporary the *Evening Post*, says:

"MR. CURTIS, who has been through the Western States examining into the health of hogs for the Commission, is preparing his report."

This is another glaring evidence that the sewage question of the New York City Hall is being neglected for the interests of a purely Western Campaign.

LAST week M. DE LESSEPS received and embraced a female poet who read to him a 400 line poem of which he is the hero. This is a practical refutation of the recently circulated slander that M. DE LESSEPS' health is failing.

DR. THOMAS MCHENRY, an esteemed citizen of Peoria, Ill., recently settled down in Red Gulch, Arizona, to practice that variety of medicine known as hydropathy. A Mr. BROWN JIM, who thrived by a steady devotion to the science of draw poker, placed himself in the doctor's hands for treatment. Mr. JIM's malady was not a painful one, but for four years his skin had been gradually becoming darker in hue, until his wife, friends and relatives, who were non-believers in the fifteenth amendment, became alarmed. Dr. MCHENRY made a careful diagnosis and prescribed a lotion of hot water with friction, soap, sand, and other detergent appliances known to the craft. In two hours Mr. JIM emerged and went home, cured. Next morning Red Gulch rang with the news that Mrs. JIM had been surprised in the early evening by the impudent intrusion of a pallid stranger, whom she had promptly and praiseworthy shot dead.

A coroner's jury was impanelled, eminent citizens viewed the remains, and every effort at identification was made, but in vain, and the stranger was buried with that simplicity and absence of formality which makes Arizona funerals so remarkable. Meantime it was ascertained that Mr. Jim had mysteriously disappeared. This threw suspicion on the doctor, whose house he had been last seen to enter. A posse of citizens waited upon him, and, with that enthusiasm peculiar to border committees, hanged him to the nearest tree without asking an explanation. Red Gulch now feels that justice has been done, although the whereabouts of Mr. Brown Jim are still a mystery.

"I MAY be somewhat fragile, but I am a terror when I am looking for an author."—Sarah Bernhardt.

LORD COLERIDGE declares himself incapable of writing a book about America. Says he was not here long enough. Considering the number of essays and books on America written by Englishmen who were never here at all, this modesty of Lord Coleridge is surprising.

"I MUST confess that I find 'vindication' a very hard word to spell."—Keifer.

IT seems rather superfluous, in view of the accepted creed of the country, that a large crematory should be built in Washington.

"I FEEL that I have considerably added to my reputation by my spirituelle appearance and actions on the night of Mr. Arnold's lecture. I know how to do these little things when a great occasion arises."—Chandler.

MR. TENNYSON has written a \$750 poem on blackbirds, and blackbirds are only quoted at 7 cents apiece. This shows how much raw material it takes to make a poem.

"EIGHTEEN EIGHTY-FOUR is close at hand, and I believe I will brace up."—Holman.

THE most brilliant book of the season in London is the "Directory of American Heiresses," just published. It purports to give a complete list of all American girls worth individually from \$50,000 up. Simultaneously comes the announcement that five new and swift steamships are to be added to the Transatlantic lines.

"WHY is a floating theatre to be built in this city?" asks an excited contemporary. Be calm, man. Remember our large floating population.

"NOW that Mr. Comstock has broken out in a new place, I suppose I shall have to go on a bust."—Venus de Milo.



EXERCISE IN EMPHASIS.

Mr. Montgomery Mountjoy Abrahams: I SAY, BILLY, DO YOU KNOW THAT VAN RETICULE GIRL WELL ENOUGH TO KNOCK ME DOWN TO HER?

Mr. William Stanley Harcourt: YES, I KNOW *her* WELL ENOUGH.

TO FLEURETTE.

(VILLANELLE.)

WITH Queen Marie Antoinette
Were you not a shepherdess
In the olden days, Fleurette?

Like a Sevres statuette
In a flowered "Watteau" dress
With Queen Marie Antoinette?

Moving through the minuet
With a lively gracefulness,
In the olden days, Fleurette?

Just a little arch coquette
Waiting ere you answered "Yes,"
With Queen Marie Antoinette,

Just to see your lover fret,
Thinking that you loved him less
In the olden days, Fleurette?

There are things you cannot forget,
They were learned so well—confess,
With Queen Marie Antoinette
In the olden days, Fleurette!

SYDNEY HERBERT.

MAUD ST. CLAIR.—Your question as to how fame is obtained received. Any advertising agent will give you wholesale rates.

Two heads are better than one—in a drum.

BOOKSELLERS now speak of the "Lives of Ben Butler" as "Fall goods."

THE best muzzle for a savage bulldog is the muzzle of your six-foot Remington rifle.

TRANSLATIONS.

(By a Bachelor.)

VIR: Man (becoming obsolete).
 DUDE, his successor (becoming absolute).
 VIRTUE: (obsolete word).
 VIROGO: a virgin. VIRAGO: a pickled virgin.
 VENI: I came. VIDI: I saw. VICI: she was a vixen.
 MARRIAGE: an institution for paupers and the insane.
 BACHELOR: a candidate for the institution of marriage.
 OLD MAID: nobody's candy, to date.
 HUSBAND: a possession of the d—l.
 WIFE: (another man's) an angel. DITTO: (your own) an "angel unawares."
 PRETTY WOMAN: every man's natural affinity.
 UGLY WOMAN: pure being, worthy every man's respect.
 HANDSOME HUSBAND: natural affinity of every woman (but his wife).
 HANDSOME ACTOR: schoolgirls' universal affinity.
 HANDSOME WIFE, natural affinity of unhandsome husband.
 MARRIED PEOPLE: fools.
 UNMARRIED PEOPLE: bigger fools.
 MATRIMONY: the fool's paradise.
 PATRIMONY: the fool's inheritance.
 HARMLESS FOOL: the comic writer.
 MALICIOUS, INTRACTABLE FOOL: the general reader.

TRANSLATIONS.

(By a Spinster.)

VIR: man. VERMIN: men.
 HADES: the matrimonial paradise.
 STYX: suitors (means of reaching above).
 (H)ALTAR: another means.
 (The three following were all Greek to her.—Ed.)
 LOVE: *mist*. Courtship: Mister. Marriage: mystery.
 WIFE: wretched being, possessed by a d—l.
 HUSBAND: a longing after the unattainable.
 SPINSTER: the unattainable (after a longing).
 WRINKLES: "hard lines."
 MAHOGANY: hard wood.
 MONOGAMY: marriage (unhappy result of being hard wooed).
 BIGAMY: abused marriage.
 POLYGAMY: diffused marriage.
 ELOPEMENT: confused marriage.
 DIVORCE: Excused marriage.
 SINGLE, }
 OR } refused marriage.
 SINGULAR: }
 DIVORCED MAN: misused hero that "was *such* a nice man before *that* woman—but she drove him to . . .", etc., etc.
 DIVORCED WOMAN: outcast(e) not to be mentioned in polite society, and whose husband "must have been a *perfect angel*, I'm sure, to have tolerated *her* so long," etc., etc.

GOOD-NIGHT, A LA MODE. HE AND SHE.

RONDEAU.

To him:

GOOD-NIGHT!—

(*Aside*) And yet he does not go:
 What can it be that keeps him so?
 Even the owls have gone to bed.
 (That is the tenth good-night he's said!)
 He's very nice—and very slow;
 He talks as if he did n't know
 How dreadful tired a girl can grow.
 I cannot hint; it's too ill-bred.—
 (To him:) Good-night!

Aside:

Who cares if people think this beau
 Is held here by my charms, although
 To see him move if brother Fred
 Should at the window show his head,
 Might change their minds—
 (To him:) What! Going? Oh,
 Good-night!

KARL M. SHERMAN.

PROF.—"What do you understand by the term land in reference to its extent, Mr. M.?"
 MR. M.—"It extends up and down."
 PROF.—"Well, sir, how far down?"
 MR. M.—"Why to the bottom, sir."

"NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVE THE FAIR."

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

THERE were two of them.

One of them was an idiot.

The other one was n't.

This, by the way, is not by Victor Hugo.

To return. They both met her for the first time at a musical party where she sang divinely that tender ballad, "Nevermore, on the Jersey Shore," and then a charming French *chanson* about a Mr. Riley that kept an hotel. By the time she had finished, it was all over with both of them, and they sat and stared and worshipped in silence with their mouths wide open and did not know what ailed them. They soon found out, however, as one of them broke out with poetry and showed one of his songs to the other one; it ran thus:

"Slowly, softly, sadly,
 Far in the heavens above,
 The wind is always singing,—
 Singing of my love!"

It was called the "Song of the Wind," and the fellow who didn't write it suggested that the simple word "Wind," without any prefix would make a more appropriate title, and then they clinched.

Now Job's Turkey was in affluent circumstances compared to these two youths, and it struck one of them (*the idiot*) that it was hardly right or manly for him to press his suit on the aforesaid young lady when he had nothing to offer her but himself and the shadow of the poorhouse. He therefore gave up his easy life and went out West where he worked like a mule at mining

A WHITE ROSE.—Getting up in your *robe de nuit*.

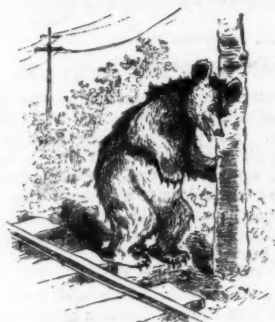
A T ROSE.—Rosette.

A TUBE-ROSE.—A stand-pipe.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.—Turning out of bed on the 31st of August.

A LIE.

WE put no faith in the rumor that Gen. di Cesnola has invented a wash by which the teeth of an old horse may be made to resemble those of a three-year-old colt. In the first place, the invention would be in violent opposition to the spotless reputation of this great and good man. His frank, open character, and well known abhorrence of anything like deceit, make it difficult to understand how such a rumor could have started. A wash, however, has been invented for his own reputation, which, it is claimed, can be applied in such a manner that no juror can see through it.



HE THINKS HE HEARS A HUMMING SOUND.



HE CALLS HIS FRIENDS.



"IT'S BEES!"



"THE NEST IS AT THE TOP."



"HA! HA! WE'LL GET IT YET."



THEY GET IT.

and "cattle-punching," and at the end of two years, had, at the expense of his health, amassed a modest fortune, so returned home in search of the love of his youth. This is what he found.

The young man who had staid at home had made himself as comfortable as possible; had been accepted by the before-mentioned young lady, and with as many airs as though his Mother took in washing for Queen Victoria, went to her father (the young lady's—not Queen Victoria's) and told him that he was going to marry his daughter and expected him to come down with something very handsome in the way of a *dot*, as he himself had nothing whatever.

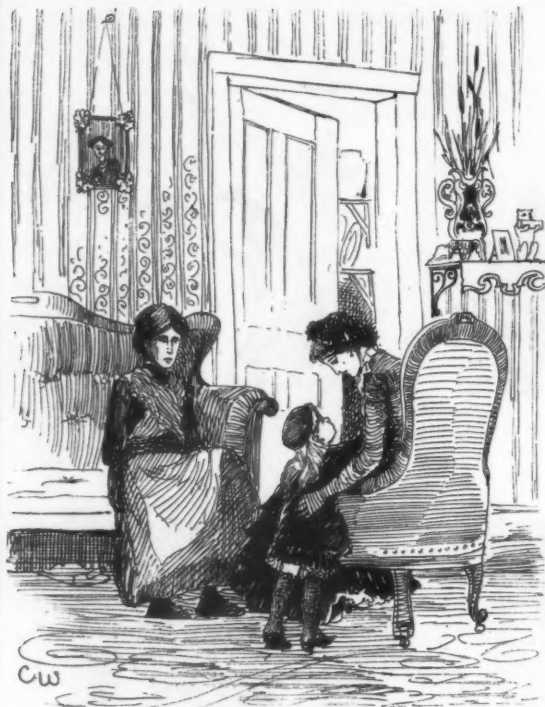
This made the old man so furious that he burst a bloodvessel and died, leaving his vast fortune to his daughter, so she and the young man were able to be married and lived very happily ever afterward.

The idiot who had been out West, settled down into a sour old bachelor and devoted himself to the cultivation of profanity as a fine art. This is all. *Sic transit gloria Thursday.*

HERE entombed lies a church, choir, chancel, and steeple.
Congregation and pastor here wait for the dawn.
Ah! sad was the fate of these miserable people,
Engulfed in a worshiper's cavernous yawn.

Before any soul in the church could emerge, he
Had swallowed them all—English, Irish, and German.
He could swallow the church, congregation, and clergy,
But, alas! he was choked by the minister's sermon.

H. E.



SEVERE.

Johnnie (who has been taken to call at a typical unaired boarding house): "O, MA! WHERE'S E' EL'PHANT?"

Mamma: "HUSH, DEAR, THERE ISN'T ANY ELEPHANT."

Johnnie: "O YES, THERE IS—I 'MELL HIM!"

FIRST AID TO THE INJURED.

LECTURE VI.—Minor Injuries.

1.—**BROKEN ARM.**—Apply a bandage between the humerus and funny-bone. This is no laughing matter.

2.—**Blind Stagers.**—If a blind man staggers, take him home and put him to bed. He will sleep it off.

3.—**Black-eye.**—Call "Time," and offer to shake hands. This is precautionary rather than curative.

4.—**Malaria.**—Give the patient complete rest, change of scene, and, if possible, foreign travel, until the arrival of competent medical aid.

5.—**Poisons.**—Place the sufferer in an easy position—the position of Register is about as easy a one as you can find—then send for a lawyer for the purpose of drawing up his will.

6.—**Mumps.**—Inform the sick man that he is too cheeky. This puts him in that cheerful frame of mind that is always indispensable to recovery.

7.—**Bite of a Mad Dog.**—Shoot him (the dog). The smaller the dog and the bigger the gun, the more radical the cure.

THE CLASSIC LIBEL SUIT.

The Plaintiff's Case Closed.—Susan B. Anthony on the Stand.—Was that Sixth Toe a Toe?

From the *N. Y. Herald* of 2021.

[Price Two for Nothing!]

AFTER 138 years of most interesting testimony, the case of M. Feuardent, the plaintiff in the historical libel suit, was brought to a close yesterday. The plaintiff's counsel on entering the court-room, stated that all his remaining witnesses had unfortunately perished, and he would therefore submit his case as it then stood. This statement caused quite a stir in the court-room, as it had been expected that the plaintiff would bring forward some very startling testimony in regard to the sixth toe on Venus. A prominent sculptor stated last night that if called upon he could testify that the toe was a thumb. This would have changed the entire face of the case and would have given the plaintiff a stronger stand than is conceded him at present.

Young M. di Cesnola, who died since our last notice of the case, left the suit to his nephew, Patrick Cesnola O'Hoolihan, but owing to the improper wording of the will it was contested by another nephew, S. Cesnola Clemenceau. The trial of course had to be adjourned until the controversy over the will was settled. Mr. O'Hoolihan contended that his uncle intended to leave it to M. Clemenceau, while the latter said that his uncle had told him that the suit was intended as a "dot for his nephew," O'Hoolihan. The Courts decided that O'Hoolihan would make the best fighter, and that for the benefit of the estate he should take the suit.

The first witness for the defence was Miss Susan B. Anthony, lately defeated for the Presidency on the Woman's Rights Ticket, with Rutherford B. Hayes running as Vice-President. Miss Anthony was asked her age and stated that according to the latest restoration she was "sweet sixteen." As to her unrestored age, the court ruled the testimony out as immaterial. Witness could not remember exact appearance of statues when originally produced in Golgoi. Was too young at the time to notice. Was of the opinion that the little Hercules was modelled after a warrior known as Kelly, or some such Italian name. Was certain that the elbow was crooked. Considered that additional proof that statue was modelled after the said warrior. Witness denied that she was the original of the bearded Venus, but was not certain but that she might have been the original of Hope. Had heard of Anna Dickinson. Impossible that the latter could have been original of bearded Venus or any other Venus.

On cross-examination the witness admitted, that her experience taught her that Time was not as great a restorer as he is cracked up to be.

The hour for adjournment having arrived the jury was excused until to-morrow at 17 minutes past 23 o'clock. A prominent witness for the prosecution thinks the plaintiff has a miraculously good case. The gentleman states that when he was called as a witness he was deaf and could only hear through the medium of a packing-box or a tin pan with a pipe attached. No sooner was he called as a witness than, much to his surprise, he was given a hearing.

The defense expect to close in the early part of the millenium.
DURANGO.

A SCHOOLGIRL on bangs—"With all they're false I love them still."

WHY is Signal Service Hazen like a poor driver? Because he is a marked failure in handling the rains.

STATE in which the whipping post will never be abandoned—the state of matrimony.

THE City Haul.—The contents of faided gambling houses.

A CHANGE for the better.—An injury to the favorite horse.



Mr. F. MARION CRAWFORD AGAIN.

MR. TROLLOPE tells in his delightful autobiography of a publisher who satirically remarked to him one day that a certain fertile writer of fiction had "spawned upon them (the publishers) three novels a year." Mr. F. Marion Crawford has more than earned a place among the literary fishes. His fourth novel, within the space of a twelve-month, is now before the public, if the *Atlantic* serial be included.

The nautical title, "To Leeward," is the outcome of a metaphor in which one of the characters, Mr. Julius Batiscombe, is likened to a ship without anchor which has struggled into a fair harbor only to be washed out by the gentle but cruel tide, into the rushing currents where "she must fain beat to windward again or perish on the grim lee shore." Mr. Julius Batiscombe failed to beat to windward successfully. The gentle and cruel tide was the Anglo-Russian wife of an Italian Marchese, whose chief characteristics are red hair, too much vitality, too much Hegel and Herbert Spencer, and not enough husband. The rest of the novel is devoted to landing Mr. Batiscombe on the "grim lee shore." The result is, to draw it mildly, rather disagreeable reading. There is a quadrilateral of characters—an adulterer and adulteress, one maniac and one impossible woman whose principal element is asserted to be "the stuff that makes heroes, saints or martyrs." Notwithstanding the high price and scarcity of this article, the Duchesse de Charleroi narrowly escapes being a fit character for a Sunday-school drama at the Madison Square Theatre.

The three other characters compensate for the superabundant arctic qualities of the frigid duchesse. The incidents in which they take part are a seduction, an elopement, a maniac-murder, not to mention several fainting spells, the murder of two terriers and one white kitten, and a railway ride during which the impossible duchesse watches the development of insanity in her brother, the Marchese, who is thirsting for the blood of Mr. Batiscombe, who is then fast drifting leeward with the red-haired wife of the aforesaid Marchese.

However, after carefully stopping up his moral olfactory, one cannot fail to notice that this tale is well told; the characters are well defined; there is a natural sequence of events which do not lag by the way; the catastrophe is dramatic; the dialogue is clever. The chances are ten to one that the last two hundred pages of the book will be read at one sitting, with the pulse beating faster and faster as the end is neared. This is a quality much needed in these days of passionless character studies.

The readers of "Mr. Isaacs" will be delighted to know that the inevitable cigarette again appears, and Mr. Batiscombe smokes it—which reminds us of the

"grim lee shore" on which our author leaves him, after the wife of the Marchese has been killed by the bullet intended for Batiscombe. "He is writing novels again and smoking cigarettes between the phrases, to help his ideas and stimulate his imagination." Horrible punishment. DROCH.

BRAVE MEN AND FAIR WOMEN.

HOW THEY BEHAVED AT THE HOTEL FIRE.

There was the wildest uproar among the servants and employés, but the guests were collected and cool during the entire time.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

N. B.



THESE ARE THE GUESTS.

THE New Orleans *Picayune* says: "The truly good people in Northern cities keep their public libraries, museums, and picture-galleries tightly closed on Sunday nights, precisely as if they furnished capital for running gin mills and worse places, and did not wish to injure the business of sin."

Our esteemed contemporary might have added that these "truly good people" are the very ones who get a little more work out of their servants on Sunday, and feel it an affront to themselves that a person in their employ should be allowed to enjoy himself. That libraries, museums and picture-galleries are traps laid by the devil is one of the brilliant ideas bequeathed us by those genial spirits who landed upon the New England coast in 1620.



IN NOS MUTAMUR IN ILLIS.

THE DIFFERENCE.

I SAW him first at the opera there
 (It was *Carmen* they played that night),
 With his crisp, blond curls and his smile most rare,
 And the flush on his face so *debonair*
 As he stood 'neath the box's light;
 And the Parma violets down he threw
 To the gipsy, whose cymbals clashed anew
 When he cried "*Vive la reine d'amour!*"

I came to know him. His hand could touch
 All the chords of each master's mood;
 Nay, the songs he wrote himself were such
 As are born of a spirit feeling much,
 And in tongues he well understood;
 But the song that he gave the *Carmen* girl
 Was something about a woman's curl,
 And he called it "*Le gage d'amour!*"

I hardly knew how it came around,—
 But for all that siren's grace
 The song in her throat was nothing but sound;
 While sung in his sentient soul profound
 It lighted her soulless face!
 I painted a picture when he died—
 "Died he of love?"—Nay, jests aside,
 But I called it "*Le prix d'amour!*"

JOHN MORAN.

A CAUTIOUS debtor is like breeches torn in the rear—wants a re-seat.

WHEN a man has a sound tooth extracted he's missed-achin'.

WHY should people consider electricity dangerous when those who have investigated this force make light of it?

THE intelligent compositor who set it up "Anti-Monopoly Plague," instead of "League," hit harder than he knew.

LOGICAL.

"Wit's a feather."
 "Brevity is the soul of wit."
 Therefore brevity is the soul of a feather.

AMERICAN ARISTOCRACY.

No. XIV.

"My lord, my lord,
 I am a simple woman, much too weak
 To oppose your cunning. You are meek and humble-mouthed;
 You sign your place and calling, in full seeming
 With meekness and humility; but your heart
 Is crammed with arrogance, spleen, and pride.
 You have, by fortune, and his highness' favors,
 Gone slightly o'er low steps; and now are mounted
 Where powers are your retainers; and your words,
 Domestic to you, serve your will, as't please
 Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
 You tender more your person's honor, than
 Your high profession spiritual."

—K. Henry VIII., Act. II., 4.

WE are all of us very much grieved over the abuse which has been heaped by some low native doxologians upon that good, great and apostolic man, Monsignor BUNTHORNE CATESBY-CAPON. When we consider that we are only Americans, while he is BRITISH—and a CAPON at that—his goodness in com-

ing over to convert us from the sinful freedom of our ways and turn us into the fold of ROME is beyond the reach of common gratitude. Our only hope is that when the *Gallia*, the *Servia*, the *City of Rome*, or some other swell steamship shall take him back again—which we devoutly hope will not be soon—he shall have garnered a harvest to repay him.

Monsignor CATESBY-CAPON is one of us. The CATESBYS trace their haughty descent from RICHARD, EARL WHITTINGTON, once Lord Mayor of LONDON, and it is a matter of history that at his last royal banquet King ARTHUR regarded the CAPON present with utmost favor, and shortly afterwards intimately attached him to his Royal Person. The arms of the CATESBY-CAPONS are thus portrayed in the General Armory:

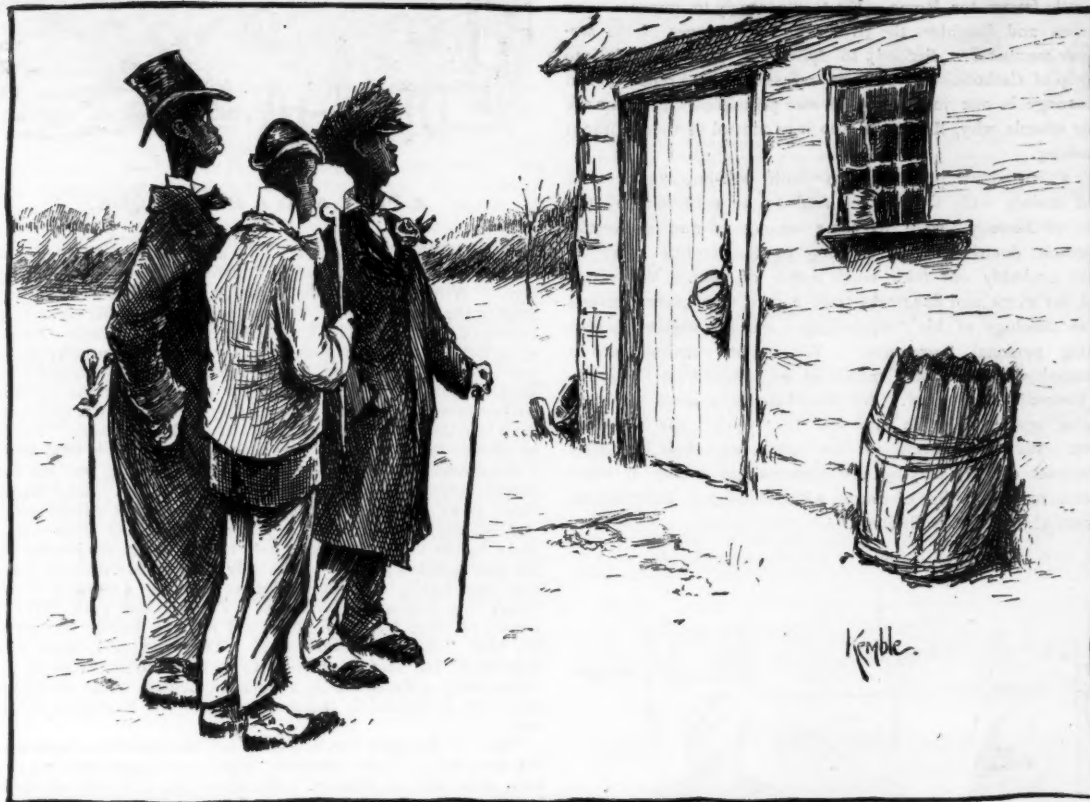
"CATESBY-CAPON. Or, a Protestant widow, passant regardant, gules, between two fires, verte, and a tonsure gules. Crest: out of the small end of a horn, argent, a capon rampant, gorged, or. Motto: *Ego et Deus.*"

When we say that Monsignor CATESBY-CAPON is one of us, we intend no offense. We mean simply he is an Aristocrat, without at all intending to rank ourselves as his peers. We convey our appreciation of his sublimity, without raising our faces from the dust of adoration.

Two-fold is our cause for self-gratulation and gratitude to Monsignor CATESBY-CAPON. In the first place, we owe him largely for his efforts to obtain social position for the dear old Mother Church of ROME, which, somehow, never has been quite *the* thing on this side of the water. We ostracized ROME largely on account of her unaristocratic selection of saints. Most of them were Italian, Spanish or French. In the main, too, they were members of the LOWER CLASSES. They had no grandfathers, nor style, and were altogether quite a low set of persons. Not only was there not an ENGLISHMAN in the entire Litany, but not even a VAN VRIES, or a Signer or a Salem fossil or a chip of Plymouth Rock. We felt sorry for these saints, as we feel sorry for others of the LOWER CLASSES, but we never could think of introducing them to our swell friends in the other world, or of recognizing them in any social way whatsoever. Monsignor CATESBY-CAPON's efforts to obtain for these long-banished and no doubt humble persons a status in our FIRST CIRCLE is therefore to be appreciated. In the second place, his condescending to honor us with his presence and theology is a something we cannot too highly esteem.

The Monsignor knows that we are a people given to the weakness of scientific reasoning. We Americans have a vulgar way of keeping our eyes open, and are often flagrantly addicted to thinking for ourselves. These savage practices being an insurmountable barrier to our Roman enfoldment, he generously consents to try and coax us out of them.

It is well known that the ordinary American society woman is profoundly versed in the theories of Darwin, Haeckel, Stuart Mill, Spencer, Huxley, Tyndall, Newton, Herschell and other visionary persons devoted to the wild and imbecile search for truth by the aid of fact and science. This being the truth, it is to American society women that Monsignor CATESBY-CAPON devotes his logic and revelations, and be it said to his credit that, up to the present time, no American society woman has yet, with all her depth of scientific knowledge, been able to refute him. Women in general, and American society women in particular, not being at all swayed by feeling in matters of creed, but guided solely by scientific knowledge, it is clear that this practical triumph of the Monsignor must confound for all time to come all those who say that his logic is fol-de-rol, and not a few of those who say



NEW YEAR'S DAY IN MOKEVILLE.

Brer Abe: "DAR 'S GETTIN' TO BE TOO MUCH 'RISTOCRATIC AIRS 'MONG DE GALS OB DIS YER TOWN. DAT'S 'BOUT DE FOUF BASKET WE 'SE FOUND HANGIN' ON DE DO'."

it is fiddle-de-dee. Let us take, for instance, his sublime effort on Revelation. "Science," says the Monsignor, in a burst of erudition, "will take you to nebulae. But there it stops. It carries you back to protoplasm. But there it stops. It brings you to a knowledge of the action of the forces of nature. But there it stops. It measures the distance of a planet from the sun. But there it STOPS. Why"—here he warms up—"why not cast away such a feeble, incompetent system of thought, and accept that higher science which has no bounds?" True. None of us ever thought of that before. Why not raze our public schools, burn our libraries, hang our professors, draw and quarter every inventor, melt down our presses for church bells, turn our editors into monks, and go back to the dear, delightful middle ages when nobody knew how to spell, but everybody was scientific with that grand, illimitable science of ROME, the science of which Monsignor CATESBY-CAPON is so great an expounder?

When the Monsignor settles these large questions with our women by one blow, how vain it would be for our ineffectual male scientists to grapple with him. Already it has been discovered that Agazzis, Miller, Faraday and Darwin recanted on their death-beds and died in the Faith, and it is well known that TYNDALL, HUXLEY and HOFFMANN have aban-

doned their shameful researches, and are honing up on the catechism with a view to becoming Jesuits. This can readily be believed when we know that even some American society women, who have devoted years to the study of protoplasm, box-pleating, nebulae, Easter bonnets, evolution, snubbing and other abstruse sciences, have been profoundly impressed with the Monsignor's scientific discourses.

It is not as a scientist, however, that Monsignor CATESBY-CAPON comes among us, but as the aristocrat. He is no low-flung follower of the Christ of the LOWER CLASSES, but the sleek, well-fed, abundant apostle of FIRST CIRCLE Evangelism. He wastes no time trying to convert the common herd, but aims solely at us, who have wealth or grandfathers, or both. We are to have a real swell little heaven of our own, not quite so nice as NEWPORT, perhaps, but one that will do better than the dreadfully mixed place into which our own native divines so hopelessly try to coax us. There we will set up our crests and establish our cliques, and draw the line at the piscatorial disciples, snub the martyrs and forget to invite the confessors to our dinners, and have utterly nothing to do with the cringing sets of Seraphim on the other side of Jordan.

Meantime, Monsignor CATESBY-CAPON would have us do just

two little favors for Rome. First, vigorously to impress upon our sons and daughters the virtues and advantages of the *marriage de convenance*. Second, to deliver our public schools into the grip of Catholicism. Can we refuse? The French system of marriage is one just suited to our principles, and as for the public schools, why, Rome can step into control of them without the asking.

If a corpulent priest, blown with self-importance and gifted mainly with that power said to be conferred by the stone of Blarney, were to come among us and undertake to preach doctrines which belong to the middle ages, we should probably not take much notice of him. We would guard our wives and daughters from a man who made converts by the theology of his "magnetism" and the arguments of a winning personal "presence." We might examine into a "science" which consisted mainly of quotations from Ecumenical Councils—and wind. We would specially avoid, perhaps, a divine whose palpable aim was to "work" the ladies of society. We should revere him but little as we beheld him, after a generous dinner, playing the *raconteur* to twenty or more love-sick maidens. But of course, with Monsignor BUNTHORNE CATESBY-CAPON this is different.



UP WITH THE TIME.

IT'S A COWLD DAY, WHIN I GIT LIFT AN' DON'T YER REMEMBER IT. WHIN BISNISS GOT BAD WID US, I DRESSED THE OWLD 'OMAN UP LIKE A HAYTHEN AN' PUT HER IN THE WINDOW THERE, AN' BARRIN' THE GIBBERISH, THINGS HAS GONE WELL WID US IVER SINCE!



A PLAY AND A BURLESQUE.

MR. JUSTICE BARRETT is described on the housebills used in Mr. Wallack's Theatre as "a gentleman of this city." With proper modesty, Judge Barrett has not sought, at least in the beginning of his career, to blazon his name as the author of a drama. The stately and sagacious persons who sit upon the bench and expound law for us are not usually concoctors of plays. Yet even judges have their hobbies, and Judge Barrett's hobby has been for many years the drama. He is a well-informed reader and critic of plays. He has, it is said, dived deep into the paroxysmal mysteries of the French stage. Finally, he intends to expound his private opinions upon this vital subject—the drama, that is to say—at the next meeting of our local erudite corporation, the Nineteenth Century Club. Judge Barrett, then, is, as it were, "in the swim." He is not a fresh youngster aching to write a play. He has, I dare say, written many plays in his time. But it is not our business to inquire into his lock-and-key secrets. The only play by Mr. Justice Barrett that this public has knowledge of is "An American Wife," which was produced at Wallack's Theatre last week. Why, a friend of mine wants to know, did not Mr. Justice Barrett call his play "A French Marriage?" The wife, it is true, is an American; but she is married to a Frenchman. She is, in a strict sense, a French wife, a woman espoused under the French law to M. le Comte de Beaumar. There is a confusion of ideas here.

Mme. de Beaumar has fled from her husband, who turns up in the first act of "An American Wife" and commands her to go back with him to France. She loves Col. Lindsay, who is her lawyer and her devoted admirer. Lindsay is anxious to have her for himself; but he is a very good young man, he tries to put all thought of her out of his head, and he considers her case with the judicial coolness of an advocate. He desires to obtain a divorce for her. He cannot show, however, that Beaumar had been a faithless husband. In the end, nevertheless, he finds proof that Beaumar had been faithless and had even been a bigamist on a small scale. The play comes to a quiescent and domestic conclusion. Now, there is a great deal that can be written against Mr. Justice Barrett's drama. This is in places—especially throughout the second act—a rather dull and discursive work. Several characters and scenes might be dropped out of it altogether, and would not be noticed. Its humor is perfunctory. The situation at the climax of the third act, a strong and fine act in many respects, is wholly futile and insignificant. The last act is compact and rapid, though here again the climax is dragged out forcibly.

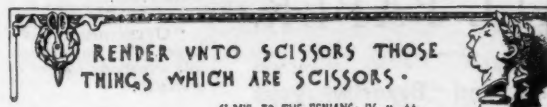
This play, therefore, is not skilfully made; its faults are conspicuous and unpleasant. After so much has been said, it remains true that "An American Wife" commands interest and praise. It is a clear, cogent, and fairly dramatic presentment of the divorce problem in its bearing on marriages between Frenchmen and American women. It has tenderness, truth, force and thought. It is hardly lively enough for the populace which roars over Gunter and weeps over Campbell, but it is stimulating to observers who seek in the theatre something above shallow convention, rubbish, and fustian.

I should like to write a few words, by way of contrast, about the new English comedy, "The Glass of Fashion," at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, about "The Pavements of Paris," at Niblo's, about Mr. Sheridan's "Louis XI.," and about other things which entertain our community. But at Christmas-time space is limited. To round off this weekly screed, however, permit me to suggest that this journal has a serious and imposing competitor at present in Mr. Max Freeman. You do not know

Mr. Freeman? He is the author of "Orpheus and Eurydice," which is now visible at the Bijou Opera House. To be more exact, he is the adapter of a vivacious and witty libretto which, many years ago, Offenbach set to spirited music. Mr. Freeman's humor is profound and irresistible. In his libretto Jupiter intimates that "he should smile," Cupid suggests that various persons are "given away," and Pluto declares that Eurydice is as "dead as a door nail." What refined and touching language! Mr. Freeman's humor, like his work, belongs in the clouds. This piece is what profane persons call a "leg drama" or "leg burlesque." It is filled with the dazzling female form divine. It deals with the extremities of womanhood. In fact, "Orpheus and Eurydice" has more than one leg to stand on. If plays could be made by a wholesale exhibition of legs, then "Orpheus and Eurydice" might be regarded with almost thrilling emotion.

Mr. Edwin Booth followed Robson and Crane at the Star Theatre recently. As a matter of fact, in the public judgment, he followed Mr. Irving. Robson and Crane supplied a lively interregnum. Mr. Booth will stay in New York about six weeks, and, during that time, he will be seen in many characters. He has performed already as Richelieu, Lear, and Hamlet. These three characters illustrate about the scope of his fine and subtle talent—though he goes higher as Richard III. and Bertuccio. The poetic melancholy of his Hamlet is felt with a not too oppressive sympathy. His Lear is an interesting performance, though not at all a great performance. His Richelieu is a keen, clear, interesting personality, marked alternately by mournful dignity, sagacious cunning, and grim humor. Mr. Booth is acting now in a very subdued manner. He avoids theatrical effect painstakingly. He acts, it is visible, always within the limits of his talent. Those limits are sharply drawn. When true inspiration or passion or pathos begins, Mr. Booth stops short. Nevertheless, within his limits, Mr. Booth is a splendid builder, a strong and picturesque player, and a Shakespearian. His method is lucid, sane, and free from trickery.

G. E. M.



ST. PAUL TO THE PENIANS. IV., II., 44.

"My dear Miss Ada Pose," said Alfonso McVulcan, "I have long worshiped you at a distance, and now, being unable to conceal my affections, I have come to offer you my hand. Will you marry me?"

"O, Alphonso," replied Ada, "this is so sudden—so unexpected—so flustering. But I'm afraid I cannot."

"Cannot, Miss Ada? Have I a rival? His blood shall stain the oilcloth. Give me his post-office address."

"No, Alphonso," replied Ada, blushing. "You have no rival in my young affections."

"No rival! Then what is the impediment? Have I not property? Do I not hold a ticket in the great Gerrymander Lottery? Why cannot you make me happy?"

"O, Alphonso, I'm afraid."

"Afraid, dearest. And what can you be afraid of?"

"Why, have you not heard how Mr. Moses, the husband of the deceased fat girl, sold his wife's body for a hundred dollars? You know, Alphonso, I'm somewhat fleshy, myself, but I should hate dreadfully to think I might be turned into some such kind of horrible collateral. Promise me that it will not be done. Alphonso, and I am yours for keeps."—*Texas Siftings*.

CARLYLE wrote: "To-day is not yesterday." Probably the great philosopher conceived this gorgeously beautiful original thought while sitting on the bed in the morning, yawning as though trying to swallow the room, and feeling his head to see if it was small enough to fit his hat.—*Puck*.

WHEN a Maine man has tried various kinds of business in order to make money, and has failed in all, he does not sit down in despair and tear his hair. No; he says to his wife, with a beaming smile, "There is one chance still left; I can dig for Captain Kidd's buried treasure."—*Somerville Journal*.

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FINANCIAL CIRCLES—\$(1,000,000.—*Burlington Free Press.*

"OVERCOME by gas" is the head line on a daily
paper. We knew those tremendous gas bills would
kill somebody sooner or later.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

WHEN asked what she had for dinner, she replied
"cold tongue." And he judged, by her manner,
that there would be some of it left for supper.—*Chi-
cago Sun.*

ENGLAND is spending lots of money to see Mary
Anderson, and this country is doing the same to see
Henry Irving. Question: Which country is getting
the worst of it?—*Philadelphia Call.*

"WELL," said the man who had tried to lecture
and had made a total failure of it, "I do n't think I
did very badly. They say Matthew Arnold cannot be
heard more than four rows off.—*Milton News.*

THE newspaper foreman got a marriage notice
among a lot of items headed "Horrors of 1883,"
and when the editor learned that the groom's income
was only seven dollars a week, he said it had better
remain under that head.—*Norristown Herald.*

Two city girls drove an old family horse out to a
farmer's one day lately, and this is the story they told
of the old nag on their return: "We would have had
a real nice drive if she had n't stopped to eat grass;
and then when we tried to get him to go ahead—oh,
how vicious it acted!"—*New York Commercial Ad-
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"JOHN," said a Philadelphia wife, "I suppose we will have turkey for Thanksgiving dinner." "No, dear," was the reply; "we cannot afford it." "I thought not, but I'll make the neighbors believe we had. I'll open one of the bedticks, take out a few feathers, and scatter them around the yard."—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

GIRLS don't come very high in New Jersey. A wealthy citizen of that State, lately deceased, wills \$250 to a New York bank clerk who rescued his (the Jerseyman's) daughter from drowning several years ago. The buxom maiden weighed 200 pounds, which, reckoning from a father's valuation of \$1.25 per pound, seems to indicate that the New Jersey girl is a luxury within the reach of any industrious and ambitious young man.—*Scientific American.*

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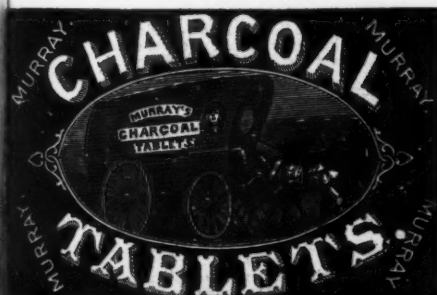
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A STORY FOR LITTLE FOLKS WITH A MORAL FOR BIG FOLKS.

ST. NICHOLAS.

'T WAS the night before Christmas, but not as of old
In song and in rhyme we have often been told,
When big folks and little folks laid down their heads
In gentle quiescence to sleep on their beds.
Oh, no! for the boys and the girls stayed awake
During most of the night, preparation to make
To be happy and merry in various ways
On the best and the brightest of festival days.
The night was far spent and the day was at hand
With all of the patience they had at command,
They wanted to see with their eyes and make proof
That St. Nicholas verily rode on the roof
In his cunning device of an old-fashioned sleigh
And came down the chimney the regular way.

Hark! Hark! the bells jingle, and here comes St. Nick!
But what is the matter? Just see his new trick!
He comes by the way of the chimney no more,
But halts with his reindeer right down at the door.
With care he alights and remarks, "Now, you see,
"No more of that old chimney nonsense for me.
"Last Christmas, at midnight, my team ran away
"And suddenly tossed me clear out of my sleigh.
"It wounded my head and it fractured my leg;
"Now show me compassion and pity, I beg.
"I used to be spry; now I can't do as much,
"For I'm limping around on a cane and a crutch.
"For six weary months I was laid up in bed,
"With the break in my leg and the gash in my head,

But received all that time fifty dollars a week,
"Which kept me contented and happy and meek.
"The UNITED STATES MUTUAL ACCIDENT plan
"Makes pleasant provision for every wise man.
"How thoughtful I was when I took it in time,
"And how happy I am now to tell it in rhyme!
"For ten thousand dollars my life I insured,
"And thus Mrs. Nicholas, too, is secured,
"So that if, by another mishap, I step out,
"That blessed old lady will then, beyond doubt,
"Continue the business, still at the old stand,
"With such a cash capital safely in hand.

"Yes, yes! Here are trinkets and goodies and toys
"To stuff up the stockings of girls and of boys.
"But I've far better business than this, you may know,
"As I drive in my sleigh o'er the crisp, crackling snow.
"Give these policies, please, to papa and mamma,
"And mention what elegant presents they are."

Then St. Nicholas hobbled again to his sleigh,
And took hold of the lines in his old-fashioned way,
Ane shouted with glee, as he drove out of sight,
"Get an Accident Policy! Merry good-night."

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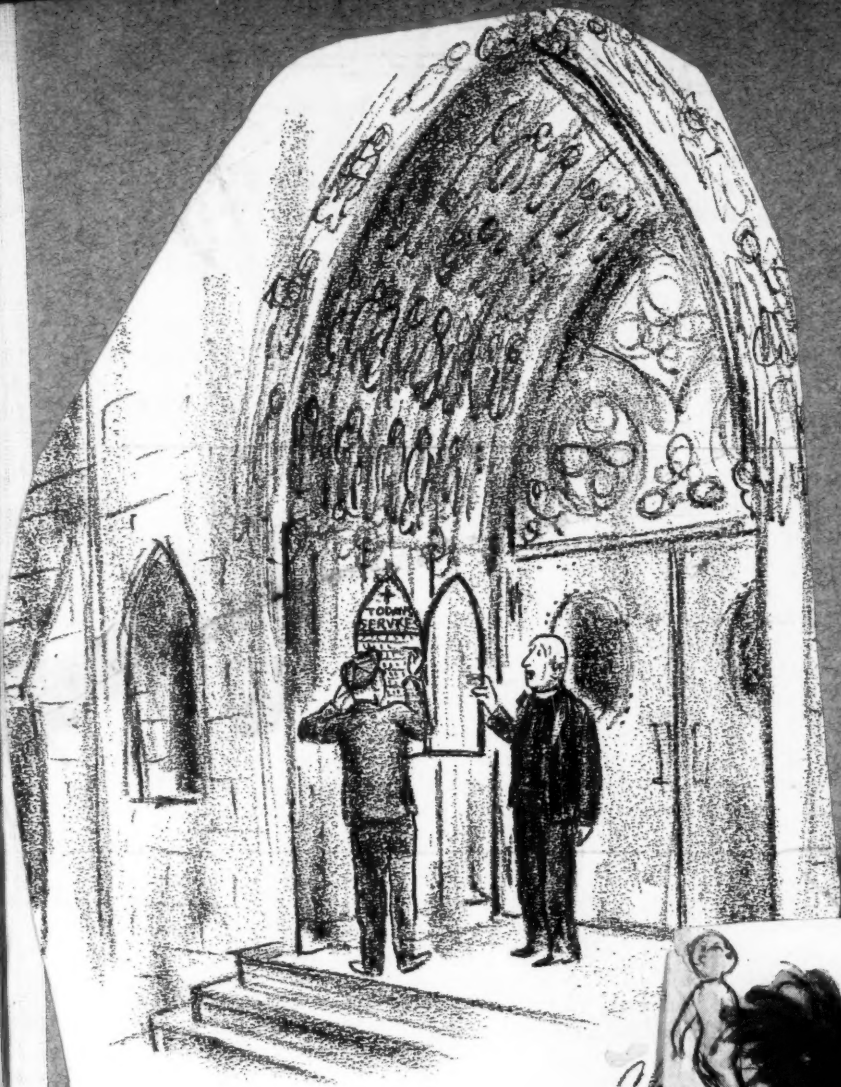
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to squeeze in fifteen minutes for meditation and



"Well, William, here comes Birnam Wood to Dunsinane."